

HELP!

JUNE • 1CD • 35¢

GIRLS

**& BROADWAY
AUDITIONS WITH
JACK CARTER**

**THE BIG
FIGHT**

CHAMPIONSHIP HUMOR BY
JACK DAVIS

**FUNNY THINGS
ON OLD COMIC**

STRIPS

**AND
MONKEYS**

**AND
WATER CLOSETS**



JANE MASON



Help!

HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 11 JUNE 1961

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN
publisher JAMES WARREN
assistant editor CHUCK ALVERSON
contributing editors GLORIA STEINEM
GEORGE KIRGO



production
HARRY
CHESTER









I could've pulled us out...



Wake up, Bess.



Always a bridesmaid...



This hurts me more than it hurts you.



Hello. I'm your TV Weather Girl!



If we're late for school again we'll catch it!



But Colonel, you make all the other girls Captains.

DONDI WITH DAVID JANSEN AND PATTI PAGE



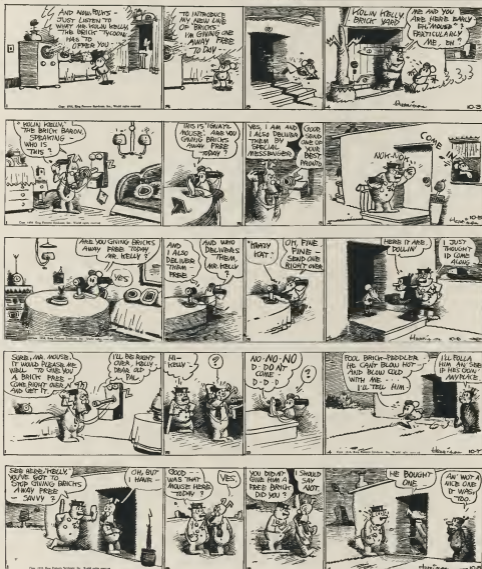
Well, I came to Rome on my Junior Year Abroad, and I met this guy named Rossellini ...

"KRAZY KAT"



Encouraged by the enthusiastic response to LITTLE NEMO, we decided to try some reprinted KRAZY KAT on you. This strip, created by George Herriman for the New York Journal in 1908 and syndicated in 52 news-

papers, is a classic among American comic strips and at one time was one of the most popular in America. Herriman, a poet-cartoonist, portrays in these panels the Eternal Triangle: Kat, Kop, and Mouse (with brick).



EDITOR'S PREFACE

The copy of HELPI you now hold in your trembling hands has issued from our plush new offices at 422 Madison Avenue in New York. Rising majestically from ulcer gulch to a glorious height of five stories where it towers between two skyscrapers, 422 is distinguished by a noteworthy device... a large sign in gold trim, almost the full length of the building, proclaiming in huge checkerboard letters "Chock Full O' Nuts".



New HELPI offices.

JACK CARTER

In this month's fumetti we have, as well as Cover Girl Mason, Jack Carter, battle-scarred veteran of thousands of TV variety shows. Jack took to his role with great aplomb. He practically lived the part. Immediately after the shooting, Jack flew to the coast... without benefit of plane.

The first scene of the fumetti was shot in the luxurious apartment of Bob Benton, Art Director and Genius at Esquire Magazine. We used Bob's apartment and he wasn't even there. We forced the lock. The second and last scene took place in the plush confines of the office of a producer (who shall remain nameless) on Theatrical Row. Ah, if walls could talk...



Carter relaxes at coffee break.

"SMOKE"

This issue marks a HELPI first. With this scene starring Mary Louise Wilson and Gerry Matthews, we start a series of scenes from Broadway shows, off-Broadway, and night clubs. Our aim is to present to our readers the very best of the satire that is being presented to audiences in New York today. Our legion of spies is busily casing every conceivable means of entertainment (at ruinous cost) for your future amusement and amazement.

"Smoke" is a scene from "Dressed to the Nines" currently featured at Julius Monk's UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS.

THE COVER

So, who's the frightened girl on the cover? Obviously you weren't reading. You were just looking. It's Jane Mason, of course, featured in the recent Broadway casualty, "The Conquering Hero," and the star of a yet to be released picture, "The Changing Tides." She also holds the world's speed record for the Run Around The Producer's Desk.

If the hands at the right side of the

page seem a little shaky (note the cigar between the wrong two fingers), it's because the hands belong to Chuck Alverson, Boy Assistant Editor, who absolutely cannot be trusted in a situation like this.



Nervous Alverson, grabs and misses.

DAVIS & THE FIGHT

Scant hours before the opening bell, we decided to send cartoonist Jack Davis to see the heavyweight fight (Johannsen vs. Patterson) in Miami. And although seats were going for a \$20.00 minimum and we barely managed to get him a reservation on the last available flight to Miami... and he brought back a fine cartoon story... the smell of rosin... the look of the lights and the feel of the mink that attends heavyweight boxing today (page 23).



Roth spies

Still another assignment in the works, even as we speak, is a trip to Moscow by intrepid cartoonist Arnold Roth, especially for HELPI!

Harvey Kurtzman

LETTERS

For our morale sake, MORE!! "Kissie".

Boys from Robert Louis Stevenson School for Boys Now, boys... ad.



kissies

NO SMUT

In a tired moment I picked up a copy of HELPI interesting that I found (M. G.) Wells and Blackwood in your March issue... I knew Wells in his red Fabian days in London... you have so little and almost no smut. How do you expect to make money? Good luck with your venture — I wasn't born yesterday — 1878 — and not very tired.

Edmond McKanne
New York City

We're tired — and we're not 83. ed.

MUCH SMUT

I have not missed an issue of

your magazine since its birth, however, I have noticed that it is becoming unnecessarily too sexy. I realize that a frustrated person's money is just as good as anyone else's but you may lose your identity as a humor mag and your readers who appreciate good satire.

Tim Black
Western Illinois University

PLUGS

It was a great fun to have your latest HELPI. There's hardly one feature which I would single out for praise (because they're each so good of course). From kissie to kissie everything is fine, but... But on page 12 your cartoonist here to put the Lions after Kwan!

Anton K. Dekom
Lions International
Chicago, Illinois

Status seekers... ad.



everything fine but...

COMPLAINT

Permit me to congratulate you for your fine and entertaining magazine. However, I think it is unfair for the editors to try and "educate" us the readers. By the way, I am a member of a minority group, Mexican.

Chico Ramos
Redlands, California



education

BLINTZES

You have a pretty good magazine, especially in the later issues. May I suggest: less text (repeated text, I mean — originals are fine). More of Will Elder and Jack Davis in the style of the MAD comics or

early magazines (which I regard as some of the best satires ever printed). If these changes are too drastic for HELPI, then when you go out of business and start a new magazine, I'd like to see it. Follow those patterns. Oh, well, my blintzes are starting to burn, so I have to go.

Fred Camper
New York City

Watch those blintzes!... ed.

I'm a fan of yours, Kurtzman, I roared at MAD and almost missed out on the first few issues of HELPI. You almost succeeded in putting it out without my knowing it. Frankly when TRUMP fell through, I did expect you to come back so soon. Now after too long an absence you are again where you belong, at the head of a humor zine. You have everything needed. We knew you WHEN and we're not forgetting. I have grown up from those early days. I am married and have a son almost a year old. I hope that in a few more years, when he is old enough to read, you will still be around to make him smile... and hear with laughter as you did so often to his old man.

Jack Cascio

Please address all mail to HELPI letters, Department 11, 422 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Oh,
Clarence,
now
I see
my
destiny...

All
right,
Mildred,
who's
going
to
tell
her?

Not me.
I explained
when that di-
rector wanted to
take her to a
Westhampton Beach
cottage for an
audition. It's
your turn
this time,
Brenda.

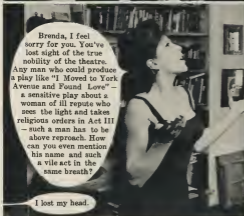
a star is born

Starring JACK CARTER

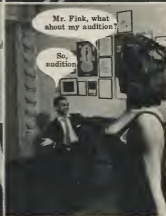
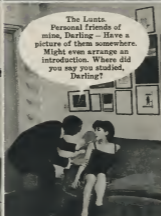
Written by David Shaber

Take a girl... young, beautiful, ambitious (Jane Mason) with two roommates
... young, beautiful, cynical (Gloria Dean and Elaine Wallace). Add a producer
... talented, affluent, human. Throw in a casting couch... mix well and...












But the part is a nun.

Not in the first two acts —



Oh, Mr. Fink —

All right, all right.



You don't understand. I have ideals, I believe in the nobility of the theatre — and now this.

I know, I know. Do you think you're the only one? I produce a beautiful, sensitive play like "I Moved to York Avenue and Found God," and what happens?



Mr. Fink, I —

Does anybody go? They're murdering me. You think you've got problems?




I never realized —

Can't sleep nights. I'm a nervous wreck. No wonder I can't control myself. I'm gonna quit this business.




Oh, no, Mr. Fink, you mustn't do that —

I get these headaches . . .



Mr. Fink, you mustn't talk about quitting. — Headaches?

Right here . . . No, I'm getting out. There's no room in this business for artistic integrity.



Oh yes, there is, I know it. You mustn't lose touch with the things that count . . . Does that feel better?

A little — Believe me, Imogene, on Broadway nothing counts — you forget the little things.



You must remind yourself with something from your roots, like I do. I always keep my tuft of Iowa clover with me. Look.

Where?



END

WOHL NUTS

By
Jack Wohl

HOW COME I NEVER
GET INVITED TO
PARTIES?



1.

I KNOW THEY'RE
HAPPY NOW,
BUT IT WON'T
LAST.



2.



3.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE'S
NO ROOM? I'M THE PILOT!



4.



OKAY, LERDY,
NOW EXHALE.



BUTTERFINGERS!!!



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Some Radio Waves Kill When Beamed At Monkey's Brain

By WILLIAM M. BLAIR
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 24—The Army, Navy and Air Force have been sponsoring extensive research programs on the biological effects of . . . the ultra-high frequency range or U.H.F., as it is known to television listeners. . . .

A spokesman at the health institute said today that . . . this test depends entirely upon the position of the head.

In the middle of the room a monkey was fastened to a chair in a sitting position . . . with the head inclined somewhat backward. The switch was turned on, the

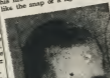
radio made a humming noise and during the first few seconds the monkey did nothing other than sit in a pose of watchful waiting.

Then he became aroused, alert and somewhat agitated, moving his head from side to side.

Then in another minute or more there appeared unmistakable signs of impending disturbances in the vital centers of the monkey's brain. His nose became red, his skin puffed, and an anxious look dominated his eyes. He grimaced and smacked his lips, his eyelids

began to quiver. . . .

His respirations became more and more irregular, he began to salivate and suddenly was thrown into a major convulsion a few seconds before his sudden death, his life having been extinguished like the snap of a light bulb.



RENT

By RABBIT MAIORANA

A group of tenants charged the State Supreme Court yesterday that the State Rent Commission had issued eviction notices to them "that were not in accord with the law." The tenants asked the court to dismiss the notices.

The tenants' based the charges on five points. The first one was that the commission was "completely at odds with the very purpose for which it exists."

In papers submitted in court and in oral arguments, the tenants declared that the law intended to demolish 196 "sub-quate, low-income housing units for the purpose of erecting 24 luxury apartments." The law lord is Jack Parker, a real estate developer.

WHAT? ANOTHER ULTIMATE WEAPON?

By Max Williams

I have prepared a screen treatment for an original documentary-type movie and I'm calling it **THEY DIED WITH THEIR EYES OPEN**. . . .

We fade in on an unnamed frontier in an unnamed allied country. The camera moves in for a medium shot of a command post atop an unnamed hill, then dissolves right through the sandbags and into the bunker.

Inside is a mass of electronic equipment and a little group of tense faced unnamed soldiers. A bit to one side (and with clean faces to show that they're

officers) stands General Ironblood and Lieutenant Crinkly—a pink-faced youth fresh out of West Point.

"Well, Crinkly," muses the general, "it looks like this is it. They've rejected our ultimatum to withdraw their ultimatum. In exactly thirty seconds a million propaganda-crazed enemy soldiers will pour over that hill." He chuckles grimly. "Well, we're ready for 'em."

We cut briefly to a medium shot of a propaganda-crazed enemy officer looking at his watch. A dramatic (and somewhat vulgar) wave of his hand—and one million enemy soldiers go over the top, screaming slogans and firing their rifles wildly.

Back at the bunker the sound of the approaching enemy can be heard.

"They're coming, sir!" shouts Lieutenant Crinkly. "Shall I give the orders?"

General Ironblood shakes his head. "No, son. That's my job." He looks philosophical for a moment as the background music swells to a dramatic pitch. "It's my responsibility to snuff out the lives of untold men. I've had to give orders like this before—in battle after battle, war after war. And you know something? Now matter how many times I do it, I still get a kick out of it." His face hardens into a heroic mold as he shouts: "Stand by to transmit!"

"All channels ready, sir!" answers an unnamed soldier from Brooklyn.

The general begins his countdown. "Five, four, three, two, one—let 'em have it!"

With this we quickly flash to a long shot of the enemy horde. Still shrieking and firing their rifles, they top the crest of a new hill to discover—not Yankee soldiers, but thousands upon thousands of portable TV sets, all pointing their way.

A few hotheads fire at the sets, but most of the soldiers advance eagerly to liberate the capitalistic gadgets. Suddenly the sets flash on, and a Swizzle Soap Suds commercial cavorts on fifty thousand 21-inch screens. As one man, a million enraged enemy soldiers raise their rifle butts to smash the offending sets—and at this instant we cut back to the bunker.

General Ironblood is peering out of a slit in the sandbags. "Subliminal pitch—on!" he barks.

"Subliminal pitch transmitting," answers an unnamed soldier from Texas. Behind him an unnamed soldier from Georgia is fiddling with dials in front of a row of monitor screens, while behind him an unnamed soldier from Kansas is opening a package containing apple pie sent him by his Mom. (I think this is a nice, human touch.)

General Ironblood is still peering out at the enemy. He chuckles, gloating. "Frozen in their tracks—not one of them has smashed a set. What else can they do, with that subliminal voice—sounding just like their leader—telling 'em to stand by for the Ed Sullivan show. Situation-wise, we've got them licked."

Lieutenant Crinkly doesn't look well. He is obviously trying to keep his gaze averted from the monitor screens, but despite this his expression is alert and agitated, and his head keeps moving from side to side. "Y-yes, sir," he stammers. "You've—ah—mastered the language of the new weapons very well, sir."

General Ironblood nods absently. "Yes, language-wise I don't have any trouble picking up the jargon of civilian experts. Though sometimes I miss the good old days when war was simple. Now all I do is spend my time bossing civilians around. First those crackpot physicists, then those egg-headed rocket boys, and now the grey flannel suit set. Still, I learned a thing or two from the TV agency crowd—those boys are tough." He raises his voice: "On old Western movie!"

"1932 Western movie transmitting, sir!" harks an unnamed soldier from Maine.

Meanwhile, there are unmistakable signs of impending disturbance in the vital centers of Lieutenant Crinkly's brain. He is making a valiant effort to rally, but all around him the monitor sets are flickering hypnotically. General Ironblood, intent on observing the enemy, doesn't notice. "Ha! They're beginning to drop like flies! On Zippo-Cola commercial!"

"Zippo-Cola jingle on, sir," murmurs an unnamed shapely WAC.

(Note: the shapely WAC doesn't have much of a role in my movie—I put her in so the boys who draw the newspaper ads would have something to work with. No one wants to see an all-male war movie.)

"Wow!" crows General Ironblood, "look at 'em salivate. We may not even have to use the old English movies." He turns to Crinkly, his face suddenly grave and dignified. "Of course, Crinkly, this great victory will not be entirely bloodless. Being fresh out of West Point you naturally don't know the score, so I'll explain. All of our front line troops have been certified as being immune to at least ten exposure-hours. But I dare say a few weaklings slipped by the medics." His face brightens. "Come on, gang—let's go out and count the enemy dead."

They all troop out of the bunker, the unnamed shapely WAC managing

to show a glimpse of thigh as she navigates a sandbag. Outside thousands of TV sets still flicker—and in front of each is a crumpled heap of enemy soldiers. Suddenly, at General Ironblood's feet, an enemy soldier twitches convulsively.

"One of them is still alive, sir!" warns an unnamed soldier from Harvard. "Shall I call the medics?"

General Ironblood prods the enemy soldier gently with his toe. "No, son. Survival-wise, this gook has had it. I'll put him out of his misery." He unstraps a pearl-handled portable TV set from his belt and fires a burst of cigarette commercials at point-blank range. The enemy soldier goes out like a light.

General Ironblood holsters his set and, with one foot resting dramatically on the enemy soldier's corpse, surveys the scene. "Gentlemen, the world has been made safe for NBC. It is a time for humility." His gaze falls on the nearest TV set. "Isn't that the Late Show show?"

Beside him Lieutenant Crinkly nods weakly. His respiration is becoming more and more irregular, his nose is red, his skin is pallid. Suddenly he smacks his lips, grimaces, and crumples to the ground.

The general is thunder-struck. "Crinkly! Get hold of yourself man!"

Between convulsions Crinkly stammers: "I'm—I'm not immune to TV, sir. I never was, even as a little kid..."

"Lieutenant! Watch your language! There are enlisted men present." Softly, but with heart-sick bitterness, he muses: "To think that you—a product of West Point—should turn out to be a rotten non-conformist inner-directed telephobe! How in hell did you get by the medics?"

"I cheated, sir. During my tolerance tests I wore opaque contact lenses and ear plugs."

"You betrayed the West Point honor code?"

"Honor-shmonor, I wanted to do my bit, sir. I—I'm sorry, sir." He salivates, twitches a couple of times, and then lies still.

Ironblood kicks him hard. "Dead. Well, there's always one rotten apple in every barrel. At least at the end he was thinking team. Perhaps only the big MC in the sky can judge him now."

"Shall I play taps, sir?" queries an unnamed soldier from the Bronx, lifting a trumpet.

"No, son. Play—play the division song."

And as the plaintive notes of "There's No Business Like Show Business" sound over the battle-field, we come to the END.



"Really, Mr. Wilson, are you sure the desk clerk doesn't suspect something?"

*Etchings
to
Come up
and
See*

*from
the collection
of
Phil Interlandi*



"For Pete's sake, Helen, I didn't set you up in this apartment so you could take on baby sitting."



"Yes, all the girls just up and quit on the Madam. I'm the only one left."



"God, is Harry smoking that stuff again?"



"Look, darling, do me a favor and stop trying to make Mrs. Carruthers."



"Really, Miss, I assure you the Master is not in..."



"... and then the farmer's daughter says to the salesman,..."



"When the hell do they start stripping?"

SHADOWS ON THE SAND...SPOTTED FROM A HELICOPTER





(New York) — Just back from Miami Beach where I covered the Patterson-Johansen fight for HELP!; you know how it is in the movies . . . the concrete corridors . . . the drama, heartache and sorrow of the loser in the locker room. Well, now I've seen for myself the way it is and here are my behind-the-scenes impressions of a World Heavyweight contest.

continued —



JACK DAVIS AT A CHAMPIONSHIP

FIGHT



...Anyone
know where
Ingemar
Johansson
is?



THE WEIGH IN has become a real ceremony ... comparable to the Parade of the Toreadors or the Lighting of the Olympic Torch. Here you see the managers, the business interests, the masterminds behind the closed circuit TV and the \$100-a-seat

gate. And this is their chance to show themselves, to pose on the weigh-in platform in front of the press cameras. Roy Cohn of McCarthy fame and head of Features Sports Inc. is there. Joe Louis and Max Schmeling are there. How time flies.



Just half
a mile
to the
press room,
Champ...

FIGHT TIME — The show is on. And it isn't in the ring. The preliminaries play to a disinterested audience busy watching celebrities like Debbie Reynolds, Gary Cooper, Milton Berle, Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny ... — After six rounds of a knock-down, get-up and knock-down fight with "Thunder and Lightning" landing from both fighters, victor Patterson gets no victory ride but is pulled, pushed and dragged, bleeding to a press room ...

continued —

The Press Room — Here the working press really works and presses and the viewer's ordeal really begins . . . the battle royal. Reporters fight for position. A hundred questions are asked. A hundred cameras whirl, click and grind. The world awaits some deathless statement from the lips of Patterson . . . some revelation regards the titanic struggle humanity has just witnessed between him and Johanssen. And it comes . . .

I would have to say
his first fight was
his best fight..




I see
it now...
backstage...
the
locker
room...

Hurt? Nope.

\$995,000
\$996,000
\$997,000
\$998,000



END



Well how
did I know they'd be
working the North 40 today
... And pull your
suspenders up.

HARK THE EXTRA MARITAL LARK

BY
RONNY GRAHAM
AND
PETER de VRIES



is name was John Jerome,
a home he had in Passaic.
But John Jerome found
home and domesticity

Lacked the bliss that
he knew existed, he
Found that life with his wife
was a life prosaic.

Love is the lotus
That turns into lettuce
Many are the bromides
With which marriage can beset us.
For John Jerome, each day,
Each day, each day of his life
Exchanged the same cliché,
Cliche, cliché, with his wife.

TOUGH DAY AT
THE OFFICE?

A LITTLE
HARD WORK
NEVER HURT
ANYBODY.



THE LIGHT IN
THE BATHROOM'S
BUSTED

IT NEVER
RAINS BUT
IT POURS



MARRIAGE IS
A SHE AND
TAKE.

IT TAKES
TWO TO
MAKE A
QUARREL.



MARRIAGE IS
AN INVESTMENT.

YOU ONLY
GET OUT OF IT
WHEN YOU PUT
IN TO IT.



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.



MARRIAGE IS
A SHE AND
TAKE.

IT TAKES
TWO TO
MAKE A
QUARREL.



id you see that?

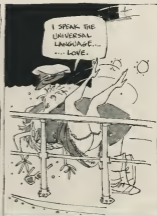
Did you hear that?
John Jerome could see and hear,
All too plainly, all too clear,
Each word his wife would speak
Made his future look more bleak ...
He grew weak
Week by week

'TIL ONE DAY....





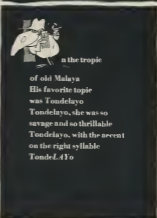
o John Jerome decided
one fortuitous night.
He would indulge himself
in one circuitous flight.
Around the world he'd go
And blow his earnings
And of his own free will
fulfill his destiny.
And that destiny without
question, he
knew was connected with
his physical earnings.



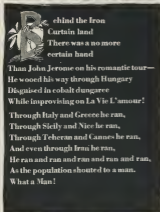
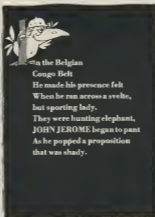
onte Carlo!
Monte Carlo!
Where Jerome met the latest
reincarnation of Harlow.
Across a smoky, crowded
table of roulette.
He threw his cash in
with passion as he bet!

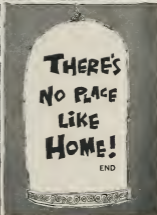
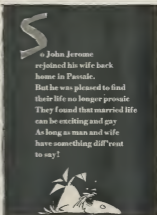


It was dry, it was hot
Like a molten metal pot
In Morocco, Morocco!
By an old minarette
He enticed a young
soubrette
With tobacco. Tobacco!



n the tropic
of old Malaya
His favorite topic
was Tondelayo
Tondelayo, she was so
savage and so thrillable
Tondelayo, with the accent
on the right syllable
Tondel. Ayo





SMOKE

Direct from the stage of Julius Monk's *Upstairs at the Downstairs*, one of America's top showcases of talent and satire, **HELP!** presents the first of a series of scenes from clubs and shows on and off Broadway. In this scene by Michael McWhinney, which can be beheld twice nightly at the *Upstairs*, Miss Mary Louise Wilson and Mr. Gerry Matthews present a bit of drawing room drama artfully photographed at the Herman Miller Showrooms.

HE: Cigarette?
SHE: Why not? Oh God, why not?
HE: Why not smoke?
SHE: That's no joke. Why not smoke, smoke, smoke?
HE: Light?
SHE: Thanks.
HE: So you didn't get it.
SHE: I didn't pull . . . you have to pull.
HE: Have you ever wondered as you stood there inhaling why it should take two matches to light a simple thing like a cigarette?
SHE: I guess you could say I just accept it. Usually I pull a little harder, but last time I didn't. I wanted you to light my cigarette twice.
HE: Some things you just know.
SHE: You could tell!
HE: Though not a single word is spoken, you can tell you know and a lit cigarette tells you so well you know.
SHE: I feel I know you well enough to confide in you.
HE: I felt that way too from the moment I offered you a cigarette. I knew we spoke the same language. Confide in me.
SHE: Don't laugh, please don't laugh.
HE: Don't laugh? I couldn't laugh at you, not now, not after what happened . . .
SHE: You mean two matches . . .
HE: That's what I mean. Confide in me.
SHE: Well, my secret, if you can call it a secret, is that I love to smoke.
HE: I know what you mean, I know exactly what you mean.
SHE: I don't even want to stop . . .
HE: Neither do I . . .
SHE: I suppose I could . . .
HE: But you don't really want to . . .
SHE: No, not really . . . Oh, they laugh and pretend they want to . . .
HE: Yes, if anyone really does . . .
SHE: Yes . . . I mean that's the only thing that really separates us from the apes . . . I mean when you come right down to it.
HE: It's that and more . . .
SHE: Much more . . .
HE: When you come right down to it, but do you remember the old days?
SHE: The old days?
HE: The good old days before Lucky Strike Green had gone to war?
SHE: No I don't. I'm too young, too frightfully young . . .
HE: Not a cough in a carload?
SHE: No, not I . . .

continued —





HE: I'd walk a mile for a Camel...

SHE: Briefly, only in passing, but that's not remembering...



HE: No, that's not remembering...

SHE: It's sentimentality, mere, mere sentimentality...



HE: Do you remember non-filters?

SHE: Non-filters?



HE: Little cigarettes?

SHE: Non-filters?

HE: I'm beginning to see we have less...



— and less in common. You know nothing of the history, nothing!

SHE: Except that there were no filters.



SHE: What was it like then?

HE: One enjoyed it more.

SHE: No fears?



HE: No fears, just satisfaction.

Then suddenly, quite suddenly...

SHE: Yes, yes?...



HE: It all changed... people switched.

SHE: To a milder smoke...?



HE: No, it wasn't any milder, just longer... Pall Mall was very long, you got more for your money...



SHE: I've heard of them, Pall Mall...

HE: No, Pall Mall

SHE: My mistake, but I am trying.



HE: Pall Mall's greater length filterfiltered the smoke on the way to your throat.

SHE: That was the beginning, wasn't it?



HE: That key word, filter.

SHE: We're worlds apart, worlds and worlds. May I have another cigarette?

HE: No, not now, not knowing what
I now know about you . . .
SHE: Teen, I lack background.



HE: You're supposed to love smoking . . .
SHE: But I do . . . at least I'm trying . . .
HE: Are you, are you really trying?!



SHE: Yes, I mean I couldn't be
more fascinated. But there is
so much to learn and so little time.



HE: Avalons, Wings, Virginia Rounds,
even Dominoes . . .
SHE: I have much to learn . . .



HE: Call for Philip Morris . . .
SHE: I beg your pardon! . . . You've
smoked, you've really smoked.



HE: The good old days . . .
SHE: But did they have menthol?



HE: No.
SHE: Green packages with scenic mountains?



HE: No, no . . .
SHE: Recessed filters, porous paper . . .



HE: Negative.
SHE: Cork tip, flip top . . .
HE: No.



SHE: Well then, what was there? I
mean why did people go around
smoking like it never . . .



HE: There was something . . .
SHE: WHAT?
HE: They called it . . .



HE: TOBACCO!!!



THE BIDET* from CONTINENTAL CANS, a tourist's guide to European plumbing. Some gurgle; some swirl; some just fizzle. Let your American resourcefulness come to the fore. To bidet or not to bidet and the hell with it. Permit us to offer some unique but practical suggestions on this enigma.

*Bath for bottoms



Champagne Bucket



Laundrette



Developing Bath



Miniature Storm



Aquarium

Foot Bath



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help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to the gallery. HELP will pay a refund of \$5.00 for every style cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP, 346 5th Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



D. Elletson



Mike Rohoff



Merino (mə-ree'no; mē), n. pl. -nos (-nōz). (Sp.; cf. To merino (from pasture to pasture, merino a royal judge and superintendent of inspector of sheep walls, M.L. merino; L. merino, i.e., major villas, fr. L. major greater. See major.)
1. A hardy gregarious breed of fine woolled white sheep, originating in Spain, widely popular, esp. on the ranges in America and Australia. The rams have heavy naturally twisted horns; the ewes are hornless. The wool covers the head, often obscuring the eyes. In the better varieties the skin hangs in heavy folds, esp. about the breast, shoulders, and thighs. The breed equals all others in the weight and quality of its fleece, but does not rank high as a mutton producer. 2. (For esp.) An animal of this breed.
3. A fine soft fabric resembling cashmere, made originally of merino wool.
4. A fine wool yarn used in hosiery, knit underwear, etc.

SEE THE
MERINO
STANDING
THERE, WITH
HIS LONG,
SHAGGY
HAIR



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.

Marc Heister



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy air.



See the merino, Stan Ding, there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long shaggy hayor.



"C", the merino, standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.

continued

THE RISE AND THE FALL AND THE RISE

BY GEORGE KIRGO



Kirgo

For years now, ever since the time I sat helplessly by and witnessed an epidemic of Indian-card collecting back at good old Chauncer Harris Grammar School, I have been a student of trends in American culture. Perhaps it is immodest of me to say so, but I believe I was one of the first to predict the present popularity of pizza, shortly after its banishment from Italy by their food-and-drug people. It was I who foresaw the rise of rock 'n' roll following the big box-office biz of "The Snake Pit." And I must say the stunning success of the Edsel was no surprise to me.

Along literary lines, my achievements in smelling out cultural cycles have been equally astounding. I was an early admirer of both William Faulkner and Norman Vincent Peale, and touted their fiction when they were sorely in need of aid. (By the way, I hereby go on record as predicting outstanding careers for Rona Jaffe, Grace Metalious and Boris Pasternak.)

A bit of trend-detection I'm particularly proud of stemmed from the recent best seller, "Born Free." No doubt most of you have read this poignant story of a lioness wrested at birth from her natural habitat and raised by humans. The tenderness of this moving tale of an animal led me to feel it would launch a whole menagerie of books about beasts. Sure enough, within months two of our top sellers were "May This House Be Safe from Tigers" and "The Leopard."

How do I do it? How am I able to maintain my finger on the pulse of America so felicitously? Charts? Polls? Entrails? No, the answer is: sheer instinct.

Sheer instinct tells me there's a new trend in the making. The blockbuster of the publishing world for the past six months has been William L. Shirer's "The



"I like Eich", forthcoming

Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." It is, as some of you may have guessed from the title, an account of the ascent and decline of Nazi Germany (the third Reich). Though priced at \$10, it has sold more than 200,000 copies. Thus, sheer instinct now has me anticipating a flood (a veritable flood, even) of books about Nazi Germany.

Indications of the trend are all around us. The capture of Adolf Eichmann was certainly exciting news, but, without a trend building up, would it have sparked, by actual count, thirty-two books about this peculiar hobbyist?

(While all of these books have taken an anti-Eichmann slant, I understand his side of the story will be revealed in a forthcoming volume called "I Like Eich.")

At this writing, journalists from all over the world are gathering in Israel to report Eichmann's trial. The press and television coverage is expected to surpass that of the first Fitch trial and the birth of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr. I hear that even Jinx Falkenberg will be there.

continued —



See the Merinos standing there,
With their long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing...
Therewith his long shaggy hair



See thumber Ends standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



Seethe the merinos,
standing there,
With their long,
shaggy hair.

Why the sudden interest in Nazi Germany? After all, it's only a little more than fifteen years since we saved the world for democracy—no, that was the first one, wasn't it? Anyway, I think this new trend may be due to the new Germany.

In 1945 Germany had been reduced to rubble, occupied by its four conquerors—the U.S., U.S.S.R., Britain and France. And where are they today? France in turmoil, a platoon of premiers sobbing somewhere, Brigitte Bardot, Britain, stripped of her colonial might, Scotland in open revolt, Diana Dors, Russia, once our ally, a land of heroes, now full of Communists. The U.S.—well, we're the same, but that's to be expected.

But look at Germany today. Or our half at least. It's the most prosperous nation in Europe. It maintains the economy of the entire continent. It's a bulwark against Red aggression. How? What happened to all the Nazis? What happened to the rubble?

And that's why we're interested in the



Germany, what happened to the rubble?



A platoon of Premiers sobbing somewhere, and Brigitte Bardot.

Third Reich. Everybody loves a success story.

You see, if it hadn't been for Hitler, there might never have been an Adenauer. If Germany hadn't seized Czechoslovakia and invaded Poland, there wouldn't have been a beautiful new Berlin. If Eichmann hadn't slaughtered the Jews, there'd be no Israel. If Werner von Braun hadn't developed the V-2's to unload on London, we might not have had a space program. Okay, so the Russians are ahead of us; their German scientists must be smarter than ours.)

Is it any wonder that "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" has outsold "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." Or that four major studios are planning seven

major movies about Eichmann (watch for the return of Otto Preminger!) Or that Hitler has been reported working as a Good Humor salesman in San Diego?

Why don't you climb aboard the cycle? Find out for yourselves how Germany came to be an example to the world, its recovery an inspiration to backward countries wherever they may flourish. Remember: only by thorough study of its history—and what is history but names and events (e.g., Goering, Goebbels, Rotterdam, Coventry?)—can you profit from its example.

What's even better, you'll be reminded of a few things you once thought you'd never forget. But hell, it's been fifteen years.

END







And then
as an encore,
I...



Who
has time
to read?



Sometimes I get the
feeling we scientists
are being used.



And
I say
you're
both
girls!

No sweat,
Mom, I'm only
going in the
Peace Corps.



HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE

AN EXCLUSIVE ONE STOP SOURCE FOR THE SHARPEST

WIT BETWEEN COVERS AND ON WAX

PLUS ASSORTED ABSURDITIES



NEBBISH JEWELRY

Of course you're not a Nebbish. Any more than I am. All I'm saying is the Nebbishes swapt the country because they struck a universal note of recognition. Right? Now about these cuff links and tie bars. They're finished in gleaming rhodium, I think. And they're indivisibly unity bonded. I think I have the prices right. . . . Anyhow, next week we've got to get organized! Specify design.

A cuff links 3.95 B tie bar 2.50

HAPPY HUNTING HORN



Hunting for quail? The two footed, penny-tailed kind? Well then, this hunting horn is a sure eye no. Next time you put the trail for wild game, place it to your left-hand lips and give a mighty blast. Those girls that don't think you're leeny will come running.

3.85

ERRATIC BINDERS

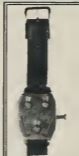


There's nothing wrong with you that a new notebook won't cure — well, practical-ly nothing. These erratic 3-ring plastic binders feature (1) Nebbish cartoons by Herb Gardner, or (2) mottos to live by. Please specify. 2.00



SCOTCH. RYE AND BOURBON TOOTH PASTE

You're the slave of your body. You spend half your life feeding it and cleaning it. Take your teeth, for instance. Think of the time you waste cleaning them every day. Well, with Scotch, Rye and Bourbon Tooth Paste you can now make tooth-cleaning time living time. Sing baritone tunes as you brush. Try it with a cluster of Vodka and mouth wash \$1.00 each \$2.75 for all 3



GOLFER'S SCORING WATCH

As one golfer to another, this device is greater than a goal in one. You wear it like a wrist watch, see? You register your strokes for each hole in the bottom window, see? And in the top windows you keep your total score. Precision made, polished gold case, pig-skin strap, gift boxed — listen, we don't have to hard-sell you. You want to keep juggling scorecards and little bitty pencils all your life? Don't let us stop you! \$2.95

BRAND "X" CIGARETTES



It was inevitable and here it is. Brand "X" — the cigarette for the man who is satisfied with nothing less than second best. It costs a little more, but it gives you so much less. No exclusive blends or secret ingredients. Make a less than ideal gift too. Smoke the cigarette that loses all the polls. \$5.00 per carton.

MARTINI LOVERS: VERMOUTH ATOMIZER



Here's the greatest boon to drinkers since W. C. Fields from a scotch and soda on a stick as an all-day mixer. It's a Vermouth atomizer for people who like their martinis velvety, coolly dry. You spray the desired amount of Vermouth into a cocktail glass of gin, and voila — the perfect martini! Gift packed, it makes an ideal gift for the man who has everything, the SOVI. \$1.95



PISTOL AND BLANKS

Picture this. You walk in the bank. You see the robbers. You slide your miniature pistol out and snap, "Drop it or I'll let you have it." Five automatics bark and you fall dead. Moral? When in a bank, stay on the safe side. Moral No. 2? Use this pistol for fun, for shows, for starting races, and that's all. pistol 3.95 blanks 100 for 2.50

A STETHOSCOPE, BY GOD!



Want a real stethoscope? The kind doctors use to gesture with? It has countless invaluable uses. (1) For playing game called Doctor and Nurse with the girl next door. (2) For pressing against wall to hear conversations in adjoining motel room. (3) For inviting black eye by pressing it into a capacious bosom. 2.95



TALLY COUNTER

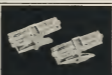
Now what do I need a tally counter for, you ask. A fair question. Suppose Kennedy taps you for a job. He phones you and says, "I want you to count all the waterfalls on the New Frontier." "I get it, Jack," you retort. "What you want is a rapid calculator." The line goes dead. . . There, you almost needed a tally counter — but you had to crack wide to the President! 4.95

PERPETUAL MOTION



What's the closest thing to perpetual motion you've ever seen? (Well the boy who said "a han lot with the hiccups" please leave the room!) Here's the closest thing you'll ever see. A Rad-ometer. It goes round and round with no visible source of energy. Solar energy does it. That and a secret ingredient we call S.O.P.P. What's a sup? Nothing much. 1.50

Coupon on next page



SLIDE RULE CUFF LINKS AND TIE BAR

If you're an engineer or math whiz, we won't have to say another word. It's you other guys we want to tell. How long are you going to let yourself be talked down by those mathematical double-doubles? Fight back! Get yourself a slide rule tie clip and cuff links (they actually work!). Then when they ask, "If 2 men build 2 houses in 2 days," just loosen your tie and smile smug in the face.

Sliding clip or links \$4.50 Gold plate clip or links \$1.95



PRO AND CON PILLOW-CASES

"I went out with Siamese-twin girls last night." "Have a good time?" "Well, yes and no." ... Those two words speak volumes. Take these quality pillow cases. They bear a rebirth "yes" in pink on one side, a "no" in blue on the other. The greatest thing for a timid housewife since Wally Cox. Makes a perfect wedding or anniversary gift, too.

\$1.25 pair

THE HELP! CRIBBING PEN



Here is the most revolutionary aid to education since the printing press—The Help Cribbing Pen. And here's how it works. Before the exam you write down the facts on the roll of paper that unfurls from the secret barrel compartment. (Who needs memory? All top executives depend on notes.) Then comes test-time, as you are scribbling away with your right hand, your left hand is unrolling the notes! After you've refreshed your recollection, roll the paper back out of sight. \$2.00

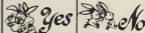
STILL MORE SYMBOLS BY JACK WOHL!



Jack Wohl's symbols are taking over the country! On beer mugs, ashtrays, wall plaques, men's room signs, everywhere. Now you can act as a center of this malignancy. Eat, smoke, and mount symbols! Other symbols by Wohl have appeared as Weinsteins in HELPI, remember? Jack Wohl, The Conformer, is available elsewhere on these pages — autographed yet!



Wall plaques \$1 Ceramic ashtrays (5"x5") \$1 Beer mugs \$2 Specify bills



SATIRICAL DUST JACKETS

Do friends laugh at your book-lined room? Just put these dust jackets on ten of your books, and they'll really laugh. The colorful, handsome designed jackets are:

- "How to Cheat the Federal Government on Your Income Tax"
- "Pregnancy: its Cause and Cure"
- "French Pornography—Illustrated"
- "101 Decorating

Plans for Men's Rooms"
"A Condensed History of Fungus Biting"
"An Anthology of Restroom Poetry, edited by Kinky"
"How—A Nazi Use for Dandruff"
"So You Want to be a Uberg"
"How to Lose Gracefully at Russian Roulette"
"Lincoln: the Men and the Car"

All 10 titles for \$2.00

\$1000 CASH IN \$3 BILLS



Back in 1830, the Republic of Texas issued these \$3 bills. You can now buy \$1000 worth of these bills for \$1.98, which shows you the perils of inflation. Your \$34 bills make a wonderful barroll to give a girl or that smart-aleck waiter.

1.98



CIGARETTE-CASE-AND-LIGHTER AUTOMATIC

You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flies open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes hold fear. You squeeze the trigger again. Snik! The barrel spits flame and you light her Marlboro. "It's no use, Doris," you murmur. "I'm sending you over." You pocket your persuder, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk.

After regular 2.95 \$ (for king) 3.95

GO BACKWARD IN TIME

This clock runs backwards—the numbers run counter-clockwise—the hands move backward! It tells the accurate time, of course—but those numbers aren't where they should be. Frankly, it makes us a little uneasy. It's as though we were going backwards in time, like the pup in H. G. Wells' *Backward*. The demon theme gives us the creeps! Listen, send the clock back to the future, if you want, but let's not talk about it.



\$5.95

SAVE YOUR HELPI FOR POSTERITY

Do you file your nails or just throw them away? Well, you certainly won't want to be so careless about your HELPI magazine. When Harvey Kurtzman is President, they'll be priceless! So here's a gold-embossed, genuine surrogate leather-covered file. Believe me, Henry Luce wishes he had bought one of these when he started TIME.

\$2.50





TGIF TIE BAR AND LINKS

There are only two kinds of girls. The first kind, when she sees a guy wearing a tie bar and cuff links that say "TGIF," crosses the street. This is the kind of girl you marry. The second kind asks you what it stands for. This is the kind of girl you don't have to marry... As you see, this tie-bar-cuff link set is a social must. By the way, the TGIF stands for "Thank God It's Friday." (specify in gold or silver) \$3.95



SPACE FORMULA JEWELRY

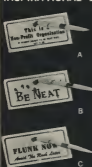
What's the formula for getting a perfect 100% grade? Stop studying your red and orange 100. Ha! Just as I suspected, you haven't the slightest notion. Well, calm your nerves. A handsome tie bar and cuff link set that bears the formula in red raised symbols. Caution! Do not permit this jewelry to fall into the hands of the Red Chinese. If you do, we're in for it. (specify in gold or silver) \$3.95



BARBECUED SPARROWS AND QUAIL EGGS

All over America, people are serving cheese and omelets to their guests with their highballs. But you're different. You're a connoisseur. Right? Now don't be modest. You know your taste buds are aching for these gourmet delicacies. Barbecued sparrow - delicate little birds cooked in a savory sauce. Quails eggs in salt water. That's living it! sparrows 1.25 quails 1.25

INSPIRATIONAL DESK SETS



Who among us is not moved by a great motto? Like Teddy Roosevelt's "Speak softly and carry a big stick," or General Custer's "Look at all those fringin' Indians!" These pure white ceramic desk sets offer such inspiring messages. Plus a ballpoint pen that accepts standard refills. Plus a flocked felt backing underneath. I don't have to tell you how important looking is. (3 1/2" x 6" base) Specify blue or gold \$7.00



THE UNEARTHLY BLACK BOX



There it sits. Quiet, unobtrusive, waiting. The switch is shown to On. There is a gentle ring of bells. The box vibrates, its glowing glow by a soft moon spirit. Good Lord! You and it slowly rising and from beneath it is emerging a hand. The hand seizes the switch and pushes it to Off. Then it vanishes into the box and the lid hangs shut. Fabulous, you say? Incredible? Extraordinary! It's nothing, really. \$4.95

WATCH WATCHERS NIGHT LIGHT

Ever wake up at night wondering what time it is? Wondering how long you've been asleep? Wondering why Vassar girls snore so? This unusual watch stand has a light in its hood and batteries in its base. Just touch a switch and the light plays on your watch face. In a flash you know the time - it's 4:30 and you haven't slept a wink! \$1.95



before



after

DON'T GET BURNED IN BED

You'd be amazed at the accidents caused by a butt in bed... Mattresses flame, etc. The Smoker's Robot and its chrome holder, put it on your bedside table. Then puff to your heart's content. Comes in a tandem version if you're the social type. \$1.95 \$2.95 tandem



DECISION MAKER'S DART BOARD

You know the difference between you and the President of GM? \$200,000.00 a year, that's the difference. Also his ability to make big decisions. But don't look so glum. You can train yourself now to be a big decision maker. Just hurl the dart and - thwang! - your decision is made! "Yes," "No," Ask your dealer. "Employ double talk, etc." \$1.50



GIANT "VIENNESE" CARDS

"Giant cards? Who needs it?" you snort. But picture this. You're playing strip poker with this doll, see. Sue's down to her unmentionables and you're wearing nothing but your glasses. You lose a hand and Zowie! You're blind! So the game is cancelled! But with giant playing cards, you can see! You win three straight hands - and then - and then - \$3.95

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| | <input type="checkbox"/> PERPETUAL MOTION |

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| <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHTER & CASE <input type="checkbox"/> B |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPACE JEWELRY <input type="checkbox"/> G <input type="checkbox"/> S |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK BOX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WATCH LIGHT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SMOKER'S ROBOT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DART BOARD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DESK SETS: (A) <input type="checkbox"/> (B) <input type="checkbox"/> (C) |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> SPARROW <input type="checkbox"/> EGGS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.00 BILLS |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> ERRATIC BINDERS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GOLFER'S WATCH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STETHOSCOPE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOOTH PASTE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BRAND <input type="checkbox"/> A <input type="checkbox"/> B <input type="checkbox"/> C |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARTINI SPRAY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TALLY COUNTER |

BOOKS TO LAUGH BY

THE CONFORMERS
BY JACK WOHLS

JACK WOHL'S THE CONFORMERS PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR. Symbols are very big today. Fact is they're largely replaced people and things. There are statue symbols, Jack Wohl's symbols, and most symphony orchestras have cynical symbols. In the Conformers, Jack Wohl carries this trend to its inevitable conclusion. The result is a rare kind of hilarity. Art Director for a top ad agency and sometimes contributor to HELPI, Jack symbolizes the way one can symbolically achieve by exploiting an awareness of symbols, symbol-wits, that is. \$1.00



TWO KURTZMAN CLASSICS Hersey Kurtzman's **JUNGLE BOOK** and **HUMBUG** DI-EST. So you thought that life was good. Well, so did Seymour Mednick. But in the **Jungle Book** he found out different. On Madison Avenue, on the range, in the 12 joints, it's a jungle, man!... →



HUMBUG was a magazine that was destroyed by the big magazine cartel because it told the truth. It said, "This magazine is going to bust." But before it did, it produced some rare hilarity. Kurtzman was never funnier, though God knows he's tried. Both **HUMBUG** DI-EST and **JUNGLE BOOK** for \$1.00



Steve Allen's BOP FABLES. Mary, as we all know, had a little lamb, and made medical history. Now Steve Allen has had his with some other nursery characters and transplanted Aesop's gossamer into the parlance of the hep. Hear how the tortoise made the scene and all that jazz. \$1.00



THE EXPLAINERS. What of Julie Feiffer's fame think he president. In the **EXPLAINERS**, as in **SICK SICK** before it, you listen in on the verbalizing and agonizing of America's introspective young men. Harlots of the world unite! \$1.50



NON-SEQUENTRIFIC Steve Allen's **THE QUESTION MAN**. In it Steve offers manic answers to depressive questions. An example? "Answer: The Bon-mois, the March Hare, and the Queen of Hearts. Question: What is one helluva poker name?" Profuse illustrated with hellions of a Stewarding. \$1.50



BY GEORGE KIRGO HOW TO WRITE TEN DIFFERENT BEST SELLERS NOW IN YOUR SPACE TIME AND BECOME THE FIRST AUTHOR ON YOUR BLOCK UNLESS... Editor Kirgo is even funnier here than he is in **HELP**... \$3.50



THE PRICE IS RIGIDIOUS Roger Price's **WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY**. Will you soon be naming the partner of little feet? Here's a book that will help you. It's Roger Price's new dictionary of names and what they really mean, like "Harriet Harriet goes around telling everybody she is virgin. Nobody much cares." \$1.50



FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE GAMES Roger Price's **SON OF MAD LIBS**. Parties are made for (and by) **MAD LIBS**. Each must contribute a noun or adjective to be inserted in a sign, an, in, on, in the gaps in a paragraph. Nouns, like children, should be obscene and not absurd. If you hate party games you'll love **MAD LIBS**. \$1.00



PETER U. ALUMINI Peter Ustinov's **USTINOV'S DIPLOMATS**. As everybody knows, Peter Ustinov is Orson Welles' ally into one. Peter is novelist, dramatist, monologist, and also contains Lanolin. In this book, he pines as a diplomat from dornes of nations. Like the Arabian who says: "Your Cadillac is my Cadillac." \$1.50



ARE YOU IN OR OUT? Benton & Schmitt tell you IN AND OUT BOOK. Some people are in, others are out. exactly what's in and what's out. So if you are interested in getting or staying in, this is for you. \$1.95

.....

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☐ SON OF MAD LIBS
☐ THE IN AND OUT BOOK
☐ THE QUESTION MAN
☐ USTINOV'S DIPLOMATS

PRODUCTS FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE THEM PERSONALIZED



REWARD \$10.00-00
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JAYNE MANSFIELD
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PUNCH, January 31 1968



SEE? ALL KINDS WANT HELP!

The above was clipped from the British magazine PUNCH, clear evidence of our popularity over there. So how come you're living right here in Brooklyn and you don't even have a subscription?



☐ HELP#3 ☐ HELP#4 ☐ HELP#5 ☐ HELP#6



☐ HELP#7 ☐ HELP#8 ☐ HELP#9 ☐ HELP#10

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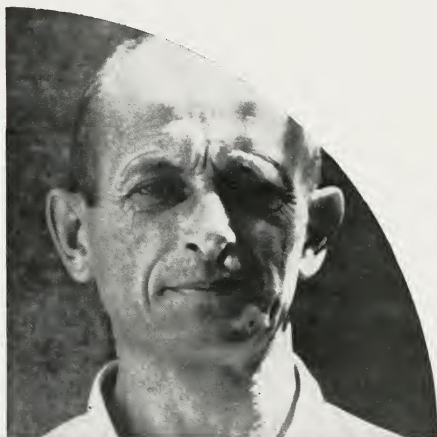
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4 PROBLEMS 1 SOLUTION



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of the
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